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L'Allegro, Il Penſeroſo,

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ED

Il Moderato.

As Set to MUSICK.

L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO, *ed* IL MODERATO.

ACT I.

Accompanied Recitative.

HEnce loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous Wings,
And the night-raven ſings;
There under ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian Deſart ever dwell.

Accompanied Recitative.

Hence vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in ſome idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay Motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likeſt hovering Dreams,
The fickle Penſioners of Morpheus' Train.

AIR.

Come, come thou Goddeſs fair and free
In Heaven yclep'd Euphroſine,
And by Men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a Birth

With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore.

AIR.

Come rather Goddeſs ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly Viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human Sight,
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore.

Air and Chorus.

Haſte thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,
And love to Live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides.
And Laughter holding both his Sides.

Air and Chorus.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

Accompanied Recitative.

Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a Robe of darkeſt Grain,
Flowing with majeſtick Train.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted State
With even Step, and muſing Gaite,
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine Eyes.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet.

Recitative.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
In dark Cimmerian Deſart ever dwell;
But haſte thee Mirth, and bring with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty,
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth admit me of thy Crew:
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleaſures free;
To hear the Lark begin his Flight
And Singing ſtartle the dull Night;
Then to come in ſpight of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.

Accompanied Recitative.

Firſt and chief on golden Wing,
The Cherub, Contemplation, bring;
And the mute Silence hiſt along.
'Leſs Philomel will deign a Song,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt Plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night.

AIR.

Sweet Bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of Folly,
Moſt Muſical, moſt Melancholy!
Thee Chauntreſs oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy even' Song;
Or miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,

To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her higheſt Noon.

Recitative.

If I give the Honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy Crew.

A I R.

Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To liſten how the Hounds and Horn,
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring Morn,
From the Side of ſome hoar Hill,
Thro' the high Wood echoing ſhrill.

A I R.

Oft on a Plat of riſing Ground,
I hear the far-of Curfew Sound,
Over ſome wide-water'd Shore
Swinging ſlow with ſullen Roar ;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers thro' the Room
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.

Recitative.

If I give the Honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy Crew.

A I R.

Let me Wander not unſeen
By hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks Green,
There the Plowman near at Hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd Land,
And the Milk-Maid ſingeth Blithe,
And the Mower whets his Sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his Tale,
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

A I R.

AIR.

Or let the merry Bells ring round;
And the jocund Rebecks ſound
To many a Youth and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd Shade.

CHORUS.

And Young and Old come forth to Play
On a Sun-ſhine Holy-day,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the Day, to Bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring Winds ſoon lull'd to Sleep.

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

Accompanied Recitative.

HEnce vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys;
Or let my Lamp at midnight Hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The Spirit of Plato, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
The immortal Mind that hath forſook
Her Manſion in this fleſhly Nook.

AIR.

AIR.

But, O ſad Virgin, that thy Power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his Bower,
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus Sing
Such Notes as warbled to the String,
Drew iron Tears down Pluto's Cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.

Recitative.

Thus Night oft ſee me in thy pale Career
'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

CHORUS.

Populous Cities pleaſe me then,
And the buſy hum of Men,
Where throngs of Knights, and Barons bold
In weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold,
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feaſt, and Revelry,
With Maſk, and antique Pageantry,
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted Stream.

Accompanied Recitative.

Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring Beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And ſhadows Brown that Sylvan loves:

There

There in close Covert, by some Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look.

AIR.

Hide me from Day's garish Eye,
While the Bee with honied Thigh,
That at her flow'ry Work doth Sing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With such Consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious Dream,
Wave at his Wings in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture display'd,
Softly on my Eye-lids laid.
And as I awake, sweet Musick breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to Mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.

AIR.

I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,
If Johnson's learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's Child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

AIR.

And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Airs;
Sooth me with immortal Verse,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In Notes with many a winding Bout
Of linked Sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
The melted Voice thro' Mazes running;

Untwiſting all the Chains that tye
The hidden Soul of Harmony.

Air and Chorus.

Theſe Delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to Live.

Recitative.

But let my due Feet never fail
To Walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar maſſy Proof,
And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious Light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full-voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with Sweetneſs, thro' mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heaven before mine Eyes.

CHORUS.

Theſe Pleaſures, melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chuſe to Live.

End of the Second ACT.

Il Moderato. ACT III.

Recit. Accomp.

HEnce boaſt not, Ye Prophane,
Of vainly Fancied, little taſted Pleaſure,
Purſued

Purſued beyond all Meaſure,
And by it's own Exceſs transform'd to Pain.

A I R.

Come with native luſtre Shine
Moderation; grace Divine;
Whom the wiſe God of Nature gave,
Mad Mortals from themſelves to ſave.
Keep, as of Old, the middle Way,
Nor deeply Sad, nor idly Gay,
But ſtill the ſame in Look and Gaite,
Eaſy, chearful, and ſedate.

Recit. Accomp.

Sweet Temperance in thy right Hand bear,
With her let roſy Health appear,
And in thy Left Contentment true,
Whom headlong Paſſion never knew;
Frugality by Bounty's Side
Faſt Friends, tho' oft as Foes bely'd;
Chaſte Love by Reaſon made ſecure,
With Joys ſincere, and Pleaſures pure;
Happy Life from Heaven deſcending,
Crouds of ſmiling Hours attending.

C H O R U S.

All this Company ſerene,
Join to fill thy beauteous Train.

A I R.

Come, with gentle Hand reſtrain,
Thoſe who fondly court their Bane,
One Extreme with Caution ſhunning,
To another blindly running.
Kindly teach how Bleſt are they,
Who Nature's equal Rules obey;

Who ſafely Steer two Rocks between,
And prudent, keep the golden Mein.

Recitative.

No more, ſhort Life they then will ſpend
In ſtraying farther from its End,
In frantick Mirth and childiſh Play,
In Dance and Revels, Night and Day.
Or elſe like lifeleſs Statues ſeeming,
Ever muſing, moping, dreaming.

AIR.

Each Action will derive new Grace
From Order, Meaſure, Time, and Place;
'Till Life, the goodly Structure, riſe
In due Proportion to the Skies.

DUETT.

As ſteals the Morn' upon the Night
And melts the Shades away,
So Truth does Fancy's Charm diſſolve,
And riſing Reaſon puts to Flight
The Fumes that did the Mind involve,
Reſtoring intellectual Day.

CHORUS.

Thy Pleaſures Moderation give,
In them alone we truly live.

End of the Third ACT.